

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

Equal Laws, Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—the Constitution and its Currency.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 52.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 604.

From the New Orleans Delta, Sept. 20th. A ROMANTIC LIFE.

Obituary notices have nearly monopolized our pen of late. There are few ones in our history which have been marked by so many deaths of prominent individuals, as the last three months.

In our obituary columns, to-day, will be found another addition to the list of remarkable deceased, in the death of Madame Zulime Gardette, the mother of Dr Gardette, of this city, and of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines. She died in this city, at the residence of her son, Dr. Gardette, at the advanced age of 78 years.

This lady was the heroine of that intensely interesting romance in real life, which was developed in the celebrated lawsuit of Mrs. Gaines.

Her maiden name was Zulime Carriere. She was born in the old French colony of Biloxi. Her parents were emigrants from the land of poetry and romance—the favorite home of the Troubadours—Provence. The blood of the Gipsy race, which, in the early days of Louisiana, settled along our sea coast, and those lovely daughters were the special objects of the admiration and love of the gallant French cavaliers who established the first colonies, mingled with that of the poetic Provencal. From such a stock, it is not remarkable that Zulime Carriere should have received extraordinary personal beauty. The charms of herself and her three sisters were universal themes in the colony, of Louisiana. The warm and genial climate, and luxurious atmosphere of the sea shore ripened these charms into full maturity, at a very early age.

Zulime had hardly merged into her teens, before her hand was sought by numerous suitors. The successful aspirant gained his point, as Claude Melnotte in Bulwer's play did, by holding an imaginary coronet, or other insignia of nobility, before the eyes of a beautiful but unsuspecting girl of thirteen. She was caught by the glittering bait. The French nobleman soon dwindled into a confectioner, and, what was worse, a married man, who had never been divorced. He was arrested and tried by an ecclesiastical court in this city, for bigamy, was convicted and sentenced to be punished, but afterwards escaped, and was no more heard of. Thus ended Zulime's relation with Jerome De Grange.

Pending this proceeding, and after the discovery of De Grange's previous marriage, there grew up an intimacy between Zulime and Daniel Clark, then a leading man in this colony—a dashing whole-souled Irishman, reported to be very wealthy—of very popular character and agreeable manners. Clark was just the gallant, chivalrous man to espouse the cause of an unprotected and wronged woman.

It is said—but from this point starts the protracted litigation which has recently engaged so much of the time and attention of our court—we must be understood as giving the version related by the deceased lady herself, and her friends, that Clark having met Zulime in Philadelphia, and satisfied himself as to the existence of De Grange's bigamy, and the consequent nullity of his marriage with Miss Carriere, promptly offered her his hand and heart, but suggested the prudence of keeping their marriage a secret, until they could complete the proof of De Grange's crime. They were then married. Of this marriage but one witness was brought by Mrs. Gaines, and that was the sister of Zulime. But there were corroborating circumstances, upon which the proof of the reality of such a connection was rested. After her marriage to Clark, in 1803, Zulime returned to New Orleans, to take further legal proceedings to invalidate, or rather authenticate the illegality, of the marriage with De Grange. A suit was brought for this purpose in the civil courts of the Territory and judgment was obtained against De Grange. In the meantime, Clark had advanced in years and honors. The gallant youth of 1802 had become the ambitious politician and millionaire. As the popular man of a powerful party, he was sent as delegate of the territory to Congress. Here he soon forgot the poor Creole girl, and began meditating a more brilliant marriage conjunction. The object of this aspiration was the lovely Miss

Caton, of Maryland, a grand daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who afterwards became the Marchioness of Well-esley. She was a great belle, and Clark's fine manners, distinguished position and great wealth, no doubt, rendered him quite a desirable match for so brilliant and accomplished a beauty. They were engaged; but some stories of his enemies caused a sudden termination of their relations.

On hearing of his courtship of Miss Caton, the unfortunate Zulime again went to Philadelphia to procure proofs of her marriage with Clark. But alas! Clark, it was alleged, under the influence of a reckless ambition, had made away with those proofs, and poor Zulime again found herself the victim of man's treachery. In a feeling of desperation and helplessness, alone among strangers, whose language and habits were foreign to her, she accepted the hand of Dr. Gardette, who generously and magnanimously, relying on her truth and sincerity, united his fate and fortune with hers. From that period, her life flowed smoothly on in the discharge of her duties as a wife and mother.

Shortly after her marriage with Gardette, Clark had suffered his severe rebuff from the lovely Miss Caton. In a spirit of true penitence he hurried to Philadelphia, saw Zulime, and declared his intention to proclaim their marriage. But it was too late. She informed him that she was Mrs. Gardette. Clark was distressed at this, and exhibited a sincere penitence. He sought to atone for his desertion of the mother, by kindness to the daughter, who was born 1805, of this secret marriage. This was Myra Clark. She was in charge of an intimate friend of Clark, Col. Cavis, who raised and educated her as his own daughter. It was not until she had reached maturity, that she discovered the secret of her history.

Since then as Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Gaines, she has prosecuted her claim to the property of Daniel Clark, as his lawful heir, with a zeal, earnestness and energy, which have rarely been equaled in the annals of litigation. The difficulty has been to establish the marriage between Zulime and Clark. Certainly, a mystery has long hung over this case, which only the dead could arise from their graves and satisfactorily determine.

The once lovely Zulime, passing through so many reverses and misfortunes, returned, in her old age, to New Orleans—her old home—and passed a peaceful and happy life, in the family of her son, respected and beloved for her many virtues. She died at the age of 78, the youngest of her family—two of her sisters having attained their 90th year, a longevity common to the oldest inhabitants of Louisiana, and particularly of those born on our sea coast.

LAW OF UMBRELLAS.

Section I.—If you are away from home, and caught suddenly in a shower, and you see an umbrella standing in some corner, for which there appears to be no owner, and, being much in need of it, to save you from a wet jacket, you take it sans ceremony, that is—stealing.

Section II.—If you have a cotton umbrella, and in your haste to get away, because the lights in the hall are dim, exchange it for a neat silk umbrella, that is—stealing.

Section III.—If, in stress of weather, you borrow one from an obliging friend who insists on your taking it, and do not impress it upon your recollection to restore it to him the next day, that is—stealing.

Section IV.—If you find a stray umbrella in your house, which has been accidentally left, and you give it house-room, without making any effort to find the bereaved owner, that is—stealing.

Section V.—If you make the beneficent showers which are the gift of God a pretext for breaking His laws, then you are—worse than a thief.—Yankee Nations.

"Mr. Timothy," said a learned lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangle, "you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with nothing in the upper story."

"Divine Aims," meekly replied her adviser, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."

From the Country Gentleman.

We have recently read, in the Boston Post, a most amusing and witty article entitled "Fun in California." It appears that there is a little paper printed at San Diego, which was a grave advocate of John Bigler for Governor, and edited by J. Judson Ames, a county judge. Judge Ames, finding it expedient to make a tour into another part of the State, called John Phoenix to the editorial chair. The first thing the new editor did was to change the politics of the paper and run up the flag for William Waldo. The Judge of course, wrote Mr. Phoenix to restore the paper to its allegiance, whereupon he declares that his support of Waldo was a mistake and asked forgiveness, avowing himself ready "to embrace Democracy and slap her on the back."

In progress of time Judge Ames returns, and Mr. Phoenix writes a valedictory as follows:—

"Te Deum Laudamus.—Judge Ames has returned! With the completion of this article my labors are ended; and, wiping my pen on my coat-tail, and placing it behind my sinister ear with a graceful bow and a bland smile for my admirers, and a wink of intense meaning for my enemies, I shall abdicate with dignity the 'arm-chair,' in favor of its legitimate proprietor. By the way, this 'arm-chair' is but a pleasant fiction of 'Boston's'—the only seat in the Herald office being the empty nail keg, which I have occupied while writing my leaders upon the inverted sugar box, that answers the purpose of a table. But such is life. Divested of its poetry and romance, the objects of highest admiration become mere common place, like the Herald's chair and table. Many ideas which we have learned to love and reverence from the poetry of imagination as tables, become old sugar boxes on close inspection and more intimate acquaintance."

If he has given offence to any one he is ready to accept their apologies. He says:—

"Commencing as an independent journal, I have gradually passed through all the stages of incipient whiggery, decided conservatism, dignified recantation, budding democracy and radicalism, and I now close the series with an entirely literary number, in which I have carefully abstained from the mention of Baldo and Wigler, I mean Wagner and Bilbo, no—never mind—as Toodles says, I have mentioned any of 'em, but been careful to preserve a perfect neutrality."

The description of the arrival home of Judge Ames after all the trouble Phoenix had caused him, is very rich. He says:—

"Coolly we gazed from the window of the office upon the new town road, we descried a cloud of dust in the distance, high above it waved a whip lash, and we said 'Boston cometh and his driving is like that of Jehu the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously.'"

"Calmy we seated ourselves in the arm-chair, and continued our labors.—Anon a step, a heavy step, was heard upon the stairs, and 'Boston' stood before us. 'In shape and gesture proudly eminent, stood like a tower * * * but his face deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and ere sat on his faded cheek; but under brows of dauntless and considerate pride, waiting revenge.' We rose, and with an unfaltering voice said, 'Well Judge, how do you do.' He made no reply, but commenced taking off his coat. We removed ours, also our cravat."

A spirited fight then ensued, which is as spiritedly described. "After the sixth round," Mr. Phoenix says, "we discovered that we had been laboring under a 'mis-understanding,' and through the amicable intervention of the pressman, who thrust a roller between our faces (which gave the whole affair a very different complexion) the matter was finally settled on the most friendly terms, 'and without prejudice to the honor of either party.' We wrote this while sitting without any clothing, except our left stocking, and the rim of our hat encircling our neck like a ruff of the Elizabethan era,—that article of dress having been knocked over our head at an early stage of the proceedings, and the crown subsequently torn off, while the Judge is sopping his eyes with cold water in the next room, a small boy standing beside the sufferer with a basin."

Mr. Phoenix is evidently well fitted for the beligerent duties of an editor, and the San Diego Herald should have retained him; however, he takes his departure in very good humor.

THE TURKISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The following sketch of Omer Pacha's career is given in the *Journal Des Debats*:—

"It is known that the chief command of the Turkish army in Bulgaria has been confided to Omer Pacha, considered the best general in the Sultan's service.—The following is a biographical sketch of that personage:—Omer Pacha is an Austrian subject, born in Croatia. His family name is Lattas. His father was lieutenant-administrator of the circle, and his uncle a priest of the Greek religion. Young Lattas was admitted very young into the mathematical school of Thurm, near Carlsbad, in Transylvania, and after having completed his studies with distinction, entered the corps of Ponts-et-Chaussées, which in Austria is militarily organized. It was towards 1830 that, after some discussions with his superiors, he proceeded to Turkey and embraced Islamism. Chosrow-Pacha, who was then general-in-chief of the army, took him under his protection, made him enter the regular army, and attached him to his person. He even gave him for wife his ward, one of the richest heiresses in Constantinople, daughter of a leader of Janissaries, whose head he had cut off in 1827, when that body revolted against Sultan Mahmoud. In 1834, Lattas, who had taken the name of Omer, was already, *chef de bataillon*, and was appointed by Chosrow-Pacha as aide-de-camp and interpreter of General Chirzanowski, charged with the instruction of the Ottoman troops collected in a camp near Constantinople. Omer was then employed in the recognition of the Turkish army; and still pushed on by Chosrow Pacha, he obtained successively difficult missions and important commands. The troubles of Syria and the Albanian insurrection of 1846 gave him an occasion to distinguish himself, and to attract the attention of the Sultan.—Being sent into Kurdistan, he succeeded in reducing that province, which was almost independent of the Ottoman Empire. In 1848, being appointed to the command of the corps d'armee sent into the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, he knew how to make the authority of the Sultan respected there, whilst showing consideration to the susceptibilities, and privileges of these provinces, placed under the double protection of Turkey and Russia. The year 1851 is the most brilliant period of Omer Pacha's military career. Being named commander-in-chief in Bosnia, of which the principal chiefs had refused to recognise the Tanzimat—that is, the new organization of the Empire—he successfully fought against Beys with inferior forces. Lastly, he was sent to Montenegro, where he found himself for the first time at the head of a regular army of 30,000 men.—It may be remembered that the intervention of Austria put an end to that expedition before he could commence decisive operations. At present Omer Pacha is at Schumla, at the head of nearly 100,000 men; he displays, it is said, great activity, and is occupied in fortifying the country, which may become the theater of war. Omer Pacha is 52 years old, short in stature, but with a physiognomy full of material expression. He speaks with equal facility Serbian, Italian and German. After the insurrection of Hungary he took up the defence of the refugees, whose extradition was called for by Austria and Russia. He proceeded in person to Schumla, where he made acquaintance of the principal members of the emigration, and on his arrival at Constantinople he interceded warmly in their favor with the Sultan. He took several of them with him to Bosnia and Montenegro, and entrusted them with important commands. Some of the refugees distinguished themselves there, and have remained in the service of Turkey."

A boy went up to a countryman yesterday, and putting on a long face, began to beg for alms. The kind hearted countryman pulled out a shilling, and gave it to the young rascal, who expended it on

fire-crackers. Soon after, the object of his charity was met at another part of the street. "Didn't you say you wanted money to buy provisions?" asked Charity. "Yes, sir, crackers are provisions."—Yankee Nations.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

A fellow went into a Squire's office up in Norwalk not long since, and said, "Squire, I swear I want an order for a woman!" He was of course served with a marriage license.

Speaking of licenses, reminds us of another incident which occurred not a great way from the same place. A long and lean Yankee came into the office one day and asked for a marriage license. It was accordingly drawn up. Zeb—so we call the Yankee—gave in his name, but on being asked for the name of the lady, replied:

"There, now, Squire, guess you're kinder got me."

"How so, sir?"

"Why, d'y'e see, up to where I live, I have been courting two gals; one 'em is poor and the other rich. Now, Squire, darned if I like to tell about it, but I will, by golly. You see I like both gals all-fired well, but somehow 'nuther I like the poor one best. My folks think 'tother way, darn 'em. So I calculate I'm in a quandry, ain't I, Squire?"

"Rather, sir. What do you propose to do?"

"Golly, Squire, I've got it. You jest leave that at place for the gal's name, blank. I'll go to hum, put on my Sunday go to meetin' clothes, go and call on both of them critters, and which ever one I like best then—why, darn ye, Squire, he! he! don't ye see! I'll just put her name in the blank, the darlin' gal!"

"No, no, sir! That is not allowed by the law."

"Neow du, Squire du. I'll act honest, I swear."

But our legal friend was inexorable.—He explained to Zeb that no such arrangement could be made without breaking the laws. The Yankee coaxed, begged, prayed, entreated, but all in vain. At last he gave over, and seating himself was absorbed in silent meditation. In ten or twelve minutes, he got up.

"Squire," he said, "my mind's made up. If I can't have that ere place left blank, I s'pose choosin' one or 'tother's the game. Jeminy, but it's hard to give up that poor gal, but our folks don't like her, so just put the rich gal's name down there—golly, I'm a married man."

This was accordingly done, and Zeb walked away slowly and half sadly towards his home. This is all true, reader.—Yankee Nations.

BRISTLE OF ELOQUENCE.

The following burst of eloquence was delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania:

"Your honor sits high on the adorable seat of Justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal river of mercy, like the cadaverous of the valley, flows meandering at your feet."

The following is the commencement of a speech of a lawyer in New Jersey:

"Your honors do not sit there like marble statues to be wasted about by every windy breeze."

Another orator thus commenced his harangue:

"The court will please to observe that the gentlemen from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has roamed with old Romulus, socked with old Socrates, ripped with Eripides, and cauted with old Cantharides, but what, your honor, does he know about the laws of Wisconsin?"

Another thus expatiated:

"The important crisis which were about to arrive has arroyen."

Extract from the argument of a young lawyer before a Mississippi justice.

"May it please the court—I would rather live for thirteen hundred centuries on the small end of a thunder bolt—chew the ragged end of a flash of lightning—swallow the corners of a Virginia worm fence, and have my bowels torn out by a green briar, than to be thus bamboozled by these gentlemen."

Some exchange paper illustrates the advantages of a "division of labor" by the following anecdote:

"A certain preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation,

when he lifted up his eyes to the gallery, and beheld a youngster peering the people below with chagrin. Dominie was about to administer a sharp and stringent reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice—

'You mind your preaching, daddy, and I'll keep 'em awake.'

A boat ascending the Ohio river was hailed by another, when the following conversation ensued:

"What boat is that?"

"Cherry-stone."

"Whence came you?"

"From Red-stone."

"Where are you bound to?"

"Limestone."

"Who is your captain?"

"Thomas Stone."

"What are you loaded with?"

"Millstones and Grindstones."

"You are a hard set, to be sure; take care you don't go to the bottom! Farewell."

"A certain Chief Justice, now no more, was once holding court in East Cambridge. The bar was crowded with lawyers waiting for the calling of the docket, and the Judge, being determined to be facetious, produced a miserable pun—the bar, as in duty bound, raising a great shout of laughter, which roused the venerable Sheriff from his slumbers.—"Order!" cried he, rapping his desk. "Silence in Court—there's nothing to laugh at!"

If you want to know how quick you can run a mile, tell a red headed Biddy that her baby squints.

The lady who was lost in amazement has been found.

SLAVES IN RUSSIA.

Of the fifty-three and a half millions of people which Russia contained in 1842, not less than forty-two millions were slaves; and of these, fifteen millions were slaves of the Crown, or Emperor! The Russian slaves have no legal rights; in that respect they are no better than the slaves of the States. The Russian people are not only slaves to their nobles, they are also slaves to the soil. The land of Russia is valueless of itself; its value consists in the human property belonging to it, and from which the nobles derive their chief revenue. Practically, the private serf of Russia—and there are above forty-millions of such—is, life and limb, at the disposal of his owner, as completely as slaves have ever been in any country. He can be sold or hired out as a beast of burden. The law, it is true, now wills that a certain portion of the land must be sold with him; but land in Russia, is as we have said, of merely nominal value. The master may send on or all of his slaves for life from one estate to another, though thousands of miles apart. In purchasing a slave, he has only to go through the formality of receiving from the former owner a few acres of land with him, of which he soon forgets the possession, and from which he may remove the slave, separating him forever from his wife and children, and dooming him to perpetual banishment from his home.—The Russian slave male or female, cannot marry without the permission of the owner; and, as in the case of the negroes in the States, there are no purposes, even the most infamous, to which the female slave is not liable to be devoted, and frequently applied. The master may at any time send his slave to Siberia, or for a soldier—and some he must constantly choose for this service. The owner may flog his slave to death, but the law only permits him to be fined. The law forbids any court to receive the evidence of a slave against his master. By a Royal ukase issued by the monster Catherine, and since confirmed by Nicholas, if a serf makes any complaint to his superiors against his lord, "he shall be amenable to the punishment which the laws award"—that is, to the punishment of death!—But there is no law in Russia, except the despotic will of the head slave-owner.—Pushkin, the Russian writer, emphatically observes, "There is no law in Russia; the law is nailed to a stake, and that stake wears a crown."